



Stoike Oike

TOIKE OIKE, TOIKE OIKE, OLLUM TE CHOLLUM TE CHAY
SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, HURRAY, HURRAY, HURRAY

Vol 66 No 67

Oct 25, 1973

Engineers Boors, Hicks? Freshman Types Coeds Very Vociferous

Feb 16 1950

Those who heard the question may well have felt like travellers through some pleasant valley when a hitherto unsuspected monster suddenly reared its scaly head before them. To their undying honour be it said that there was no panic, no flurry of wild accusations. Mr. D. L. King, who, like all Engineers is a man of courage, undertook to track the matter down. With calm impartiality he took a poll. Now, for the benefit of all concerned, Toike Oike publishes the following answers, obtained from those who know: Women, natch.

"There's nothing wrong with Engineers that a woman can't fix. Living by themselves seems to bring out their animal instincts."

"They don't dress very well around the campus - some even appear rather hickish."

"What I think of Engineers couldn't be said."

"There are some good ones, some bad ones, and some real honeys."

"On a date, Engineers rarely talk about anything which a girl can discuss."

"Disregard feelings of girls on dates."

And from the School of Nursing, the following.

"Don't know enough Engineers - need to know a few more."

(O.K., men, try Nurses' Residence at 85 Grenville - MI 6100, Line-up forms to the right.)

"Just like other men, only more so."

"The only trouble with Engineers is that they're men, and all men are rats." (Ah me! so young - so disenchanted.)

Nite life In Hogtown De Gustibus

Sept 1951

So yer in Hogtown, eh? And already yer wantin' to head out fer a wild nite. Well, follow me, kiddies Prezoomin' yer able to pay yer own way: we'll start at the top and work down, and man, we'll go a long way down.

If yer a long-hair, you should be in arts, but anyway there are some classy Balley Dancers, Ernie MacMillen, fiddlers, diddlers and other such characters regular at Messy Hall. Tim Eaton's College St. Hall presents the same sort of thing often on. There are plays galore at the Royal Aleck and reel good music at the Prom Concerts in Varsity Areena.

If yer stuck here on Sundays, man, yer REELY stuck. But the thing to do is visit the Mooseim, Zoo, Art Gallery, the parks, the zoo, the Islands, Casa Loma, Hart House, Caledon Hills Farm Club and you might even go to church.

Weak nites there's always moovies, Whitney Hall (Phone Midway 1137 and ask for Marion) and all the campus clubs (There's over a hunnert of 'em). Then Victoria Collitch and Trinity Collitch has the occasional tea (and I MEEN tea) dance the odd afternoon. If you wash yer face and leev yer crook at home, you mite git inter meet yer future (and forget yer past!).

Well, comes Friday nite and

"Just like other men - more conceited, that's all."

"On the whole, they are a good bunch, but they can, God and women know, pull some cute tricks. But why do they think all women are out to snare a man for the sole purpose of sexual relief?"

"Engineers are easier to hook - they are more the marrying type."

"I had a blind date with an Engineer once for a dance. He was quite an active little fellow. Did I have good time? Well, I came in at 12:00 o'clock, whereas I could have and probably would have stayed out until three with an artzman - safely."

"Some interesting individuals, but as a group they yield to mass hysteria."

"They've been brought up to act like gentlemen when alone and like devils when with others."

"Too much Skule Spirit, not enough for Varsity."

"Walking past a group of Engineers on the campus makes a girl feel like a horse at an auction - a horse auction, that is."

"The language that some Engineers use is more a Beanery Boy's level than that of a University student."

"Though I could think of a million things that are wrong with Engineers, but co-ed opinion is that they're a grand bunch of fellows who have more fun than any other group on the campus."

So there you are, men. You have aroused what might be called mixed emotions. At any rate there wasn't one co-ed who said "What's an Engineer?" Keep up the good work; you're arousin' interest, you're arousin' interest.



THE WHEEL THE SCHOLAR THE ROWDY

Well, at last here I am. Tough on the old man when it took me three years to get my fifth. Wow!

He was so happy when the results came out he gave me this Caddy Boy, it should make a big hit with the babes.

What the hell's the system around here? None of the chicks hang around this end of the campus; they all seem to go north to the arts colleges. Oh, well, I'll go along with the old man's quaint idea and stick the engineering stuff for a year. Perhaps it won't be so bad when the word gets around that I have a classy apartment up on Avenue Road."

"Wow! Look at that doll! Here's where I start operating. Hope these white bucks look dirty enough - I don't want to look like a punk Irishman."

"At last - I'm through with that adolescent Irivolity called high school. Bah! That was a mockery of education."

"Ah, - here I detect a common serious purpose. What a glorious thing the pursuit of knowledge is. It has infected this whole university. I for one can feel intellectual stimuli so abundant here, permeating my whole being to the core--"

"Look at these buildings. What a magnificent story of intellectual attainment they could tell. More monuments to man's progress are being added. That must be the new library over there. I can't really make it out from here - Wish I hadn't lost my glasses in the Drill Hall."

"Now, I had better be off and talk with my professors in order to impress them with my superior intellect and . . . Good heavens! Look at those girls! They must all be the kind my mother warned me about."

"Yahoo - Look at me! A whole 32 1/2 miles away from home! Gee, am I going to live it up now. Wow! Me an engineer - one of the roughest, hell raisinest hardest drinkers on the campus Ohyah, while I remember, I'd better write my brother and get his birth certificate so I can get into this KCR place. Gosh, I hope I can pass for twenty-six. Maybe, if I don't shave for a couple weeks I'll look like one of the boys."

"I wonder when they're gonna have one of them panty-raids? I hope they are as much fun as that guy whose cousin's friend that was here last year said they are. I'd sure like to take the pants off some of the chicks running around here. Geez, I gotta find out how to get into one of these frats - I hear they're the real thing - women and booze and stuff. - Wow!"

Sept 16, 1950

UGH) and the Arm Pit, we mean the Passion Pit, that is, the Collegiate Club (STAY WAY).

For good dancin' ther's Casa Loma, Athletic Nites, the Palace Peer, Vanity Fair, King Eddy Hotel, and lots of others.

It yer determined to go on an all-night crawl, hed south-east from Yonge and College. Among the 'musts' in any such musty adventure is South Jarvis Street in general; it's a hole generally as are most of the pubs, bistros, taverns, watering holes, filling and spilling stations enroute. YOU CAN GO LOWER BUT YER ON YER OWN!

If yer broke and tired when yer through, try sleeping it off at the Salvation Army Working Man's Hostel and scrounging meals at the Scott Mission.

Best of all, Kiddies, Take it Easy Yer on yer own!"

London, August 25 1951 (reuters)
The first stage of Spain's annual beer drinking contest has ended in Barcelona, says Madrid radio, monitored here. Thirty men have qualified for the Sept 2 finals. Nineteen have downed 1000 pints each in the last three months, the other 11 from 599 to 800. Last year's winner drank 14 pints in 20 minutes.

Shakespeare On Skulemen

"He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts . . ."

As You Like It IV. 1

" . . . now our observation is performed."

A Midsummer Night's Dream, IV. 1

" . . . I will delve one yard below their mines."

Hamlet: III. 4

"He thinks too much . . ."

Julius Caesar: I. 2

" . . . I can do strange things . . ."

As You Like It V. 2

" . . . when we mean to build. We first survey the plot, then draw the model . . ."

King Henry IV. Part II. 1. 3

" . . . I will delve one yard below their mines."

Hamlet: III. 4

"He thinks too much . . ."

Cymbeline: III. 6

" . . . tutored in the rudiments of many disparate studies . . ."

As You Like It V. 4

"We shall not spend a large expense of time . . ."

Macbeth: V. 8

" . . . thousands of these logs . . ."

The Tempest: III. 1

" . . . I am slow of study . . ."

A Midsummer Night Dream: I. 2

A Definition

An engineer is a person who passes as an exacting expert on the basis of being able to turn out with prolific fortitude infinite strings of incomprehensible formulae, calculated with micrometric precision from vague assumptions which were based on debatable figures taken from inconclusive experiments carried out with instruments of problematical accuracy by persons of doubtful reliability and questionable mentality for the avowed purpose of annoying and confounding a hopelessly chimerical group of practical and mechanically minded and experienced personnel who are referred to frequently as "the shop", that group of people whom the engineer feels "cannot even speak his language."

"Common sense is a gift of God - the engineer has only technical training."

Feb 22 1951 Nov 5, 1954 Dec 17 1958

A serious thought for today
Is one that may cause us dismay
Just what are the forces
That bring little horses
It all of the horses say "Nay"

TOIKE OIKE

Devoted to the interests of the undergraduates of the faculty of Applied Science and Engineering. Published every now and then by the Engineering Society of The U of T

Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of the Engineering Society

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Oct 1, 1958

Skule Traditions

One hears a lot about traditions at Skule. Upon first being exposed to such things as the Skule Yell, Toike Oike, the Cannon, S.P.S., etc., many freshmen are quite confused and bewildered. In the next few issues we will attempt to remove the air of mystery which shrouds these traditions. It is hoped that as a result of these articles, the freshmen will be able to feel more a part of Skule.

During the Frosh registration many students stopped to inquire of the Toike Oike staff "What is it?" We were at a loss to fully explain the origin and meaning of the two words "Toike Oike". An editorial in the first issue of last year and reprinted in part in the next paragraph, tried but did little to explain and clear up the mystery for the freshmen of 6T1.

"You may be wondering what the words 'Toike Oike' mean. They are taken from the Engineers' yell. However, this leaves you no wiser as to the meaning of the words than before. AND WE MUST CONFESS THAT WE DO NOT KNOW OURSELVES. The origin and meaning of these words in one of the mysteries of Skule which have probably been lost in the passage of time."

Meeting the challenge, your reporters, armed with a case of O'Keefe's best, went searching and deep in the subterranean passages of Skule we discovered a letter dated 1935 and reprinted here:

My dear Mr. Wright:

I was very glad to get your letter. It carried me back to the good old days and revived many pleasant memories of the old "School" days I remember quite well the birth of the School "Yell" - "Toike Oike".

It came about in this way: a group of us, Stovel, Burnside, Carter, Peper, etc., thought that the School should have a catchy yell, that could be used on all occasions, such as football matches, etc., and as a triumphant yell of victory when we succeeded in stealing the bicycle racks from the Arts building and for other such stirring occasions - each one of the group was to cease studying at night and concentrate on the composition of the yell. At a specified time, the fruits of each one's labours were duly heard and tried out. The choice was the present yell, which Piper had made up. I do not know where he got the words + + Toike Oike". If Piper is in the land of the living, he alone could tell. I have not heard of him for several years. More than the above, I do not know. The "Yell" has lasted so many years, that it is safe to say it was a good one.

With kind regards,
Yours sincerely,
Walter H. Boyd.

Here we have a version of the origin of "Toike Oike" which is in conflict with the theory that the words are Lithuanian, meaning "truth and freedom". Unless "Piper" is a Lithuanian name, this theory is rather doubtful.

In trying to trace the Skule's men mentioned in the letter, we found that they graduated prior to 1913, but so far we have been unable to discover anything more about them. If anyone can shed any light on the history of these men, or if anyone knows the Lithuanian equivalent of "Strength and Freedom", we would appreciate hearing from him. Drop any information into the Stores and somehow it will reach us.

Engineering vs arts

To write the words "Engineering" and "Arts" on the same piece of paper is to fuse the Magnetic Poles, to bring together a lion and a mouse, a dollar and a cent; a mountain and a small molehill. The two are on the opposite sides of the social balance, and by the magnetic laws again, since they - like unlike forces, are "repulsive to one" another. However, who is the lion and who the Mouse? The engineers work day and night, saving humanity from itself, erecting new and better saloons, inventing, constructing, seeking to serve. The artman lives off the fat of the land BUT... we wish to settle in our "minds" which type has the better approach to the solutions of problems in life. For this purpose an Artman and an Engineer were asked to solve a mathematical problem as accurately as possible. The question was this. "Find, by accurate computation, the length of a three foot line, the length of which is etched on a standard yard stick."

The Artman report: I read the question, it looked tough. It was one of those trick questions that needed a special solution. Of course, I was smart enough to realize that the numbers 0, 1, 2, 3 on the stick didn't mean anything probably the "pen-name" of the guy who made it. On to my solution. In the first place it is my philosophical belief that the universe does not exist. It is all a dream in the minds of men. It must be so, for why else are there so many nightmares in our lives. The grueling 10 hr. a week endurance tests, the true or false examinations, the probes into our bridge ability and our drinking habits - Therefore a straight line does not exist. Therefore, no direct measurement can be taken. However, the orbits of certain types of circles at N.T.P. are known to be circular. Thus it follows that if a circle of radius 12Q where Q is a "large charge" is flattened to the shape of an ellipse, the crossbar of

the largest letter A which may be inscribed in the ellipse is 1 times the length N (A) of the imaginary given line of N(A) is Avagadro's number. (This is the only number which an Artman who take philosophy may consider as not being ethereal, and is the number of billiard balls that may be stacked in the Drill Hall at the boiling point of snow).

After much calculation the length was determined by the expression (CROSSBAR)XN(A)-12.4)

Therefore the length of the stick is 12.4'

Engineers Report: "Dear Prof. That was a good question ya tried to floor us with, heh, heh, Heh, it nearly fooled me, heh, heh, but I got it. I 'mjeitly realized that the question had to be solved the short way or it would get too long so I tried using me most practical methods. I constructed a twelve sided figure around the given line, each of these sides being approximately 1.1499327 feet long (just so I could use the new drafting set I won in a penny-ante "fix" (magnetic pennies and iron wall boards). Then I found the azimuth of the line from me right eye-ball to me naval as I looked at the U.C. weather vane and divided my age - 20. The answer I estimated was too large and since I act like a kid anyway I divided by 8. This was still a little off I figured so I multiplied by a correction factor (I seemed to see TWO weather vanes). Cook's Variable Constant, currently valued between 0.00000197554 and 9.8122.763.179806 and got me final answer of 7.13".

It is to be observed then that the poor Artman's method was sensible but not accurate enough. The Engineer's method was dead on. (The Professor got the same answer by counting his fingers in a last moving Morris Minor.)

In conclusion it may be boldly exclaimed:

The Engineer's way is the ONLY way."

P.S.; I have NEVER!

Classified Ads

Feb 26, 1958

Lonesome? All alone? Sitting in your room listening for noises? We make noises. We're rowdy. Bill. WA.2-8166.

How's your old straw hat? I'd like to know. I'm interested in everything. You'll like me. I like everybody. Won't SOMEONE please write to me? Box 729.

Distracted degenerate damsel seeks sordid correspondence from young god-like Croesus. Send stamp. Box 69.

Wanted: The blood of a new born babe, a St. John's wart, the hind leg of a pregnant frog, two locks of hair from a horse's tail, and 3 voluptuous maidens before the next full moon is at hand. Box 70.

Fat, objectionable youth with no education and a hearty dislike for all the arts and culture in general, desires to establish illicit relationship with similar woman. Box 71.

Young man wants to meet young woman. Box 65.

Would anyone witnessing the accident at College and St. George on Monday, February 24, between a 1931 Durant and a parked 1956 Cadillac, please keep his mouth shut.

If you drink, don't. Too many people are caused by accidents.

People who live in a glass house, shouldn't

Pulsating Planet Proposed

Feb 19 1957

The earth may be expanding and contracting at a very high and irregular rate.

This theory has been developed during the present school year by Third Year Engineering Physics students following results obtained employing Physics Department apparatus for determining the radius of the earth.

The pulsating earth hypothesis was advanced when every student performing the experiment had huge discrepancies in their results, despite the accuracy of the experimental method.

The method employed in the Physics department consists of measuring the weight of an object, first suspended immediately under the pan of a balance, and then suspended a long way beneath the balance pan. A variation in the weight of the mass occurs between these positions because in the lower position the mass is closer to the earth's center, and hence the force of gravity acting upon it is greater. By measuring this weight variation, the radius of the earth may be obtained. Anyone desiring more information about this method is advised to refer to the proceedings of the British Society for the Advancement of Science, August 1784.

The previously accepted value for the earth's radius was around 5000 miles. Results so far obtained this year are as follows:

	Miles
Oct. 8	17,000
Oct. 15	34,000
Oct. 22	4,000
Oct. 30	11,000
Nov. 16	1,000
Dec. 2	12,000
Dec. 9	minus 1,000
Jan. 16	93,000
Jan. 23	3,000
Jan. 30	4
Feb. 6	192,000

cooked

Plans are underway to approach Dr. R. G. Stanton of the Department of Applied Mathematics. His long acquaintance with Physics Department experiments will undoubtedly enable him to suggest some suitable treatment of the data.

At the time of writing this article it was thought better to say that Dr. Ivey, in charge of the Third Year Physics Lab, was unavailable for comment.

First student: Let's cut today.

Second student: Can't. I need the sleep.

Mar. 1949

She: I see that in some parts of India, a wife can be bought. Isn't that awful?

He: Oh, I don't know. A good wife might be worth it.

Jan. 1952

A sensible girl is not so sensible as she looks, because a sensible girl has more sense than to look sensible.

Jan. 21, 1953



Female Form Sheet

If She's a Freshman	Sophomore	Junior	Senior
She blushes at naughty jokes.	She smiles at naughty jokes.	She laughs at naughty	She tells naughty jokes.
She thinks a college education leads to things social, cultural and academic.	She thinks a college education leads to things social and cultural.	She thinks a college education leads to things social.	She thinks a college education leads to things
She thinks midnight is late.	She thinks midnight is pretty late.	She thinks midnight isn't too late.	She thinks midnight is midnight
She reads "What Every Young Girl Should Know."	She reads "How to Win Friends and Influence People."	She reads "The Art of Love."	She reads "Care and Feeding of Infants."
She won't date a boy who has ever had a drink.	She won't date a boy who has just had a drink.	She won't date a boy who has had over one drink.	She won't date a boy unless he drinks.
She tells her mother everything.	She tells her room mate everything.	She tells her diary everything.	She doesn't tell anybody anything
She likes to smooch.	She likes to smooch.	She likes to smooch.	She likes to smooch.
Her motto: "Mother Knows Best."	Her motto: "Death Before Dishonor."	Her motto: "Nothing Ventured, Nothing Gained."	Her motto: "Boys Will Be Boys."

YOUR INDIVIDUAL HOROSCOPE

Look in the section in which your birthday comes. If you don't know when your birthday is, ask your mother; she may know.

YOU BORN TODAY: First of all, let me congratulate you on being able to read at such an early age. You have a bright future ahead provided you survive the background radiation, the cold war and other modern day stuff. The configuration of Neptune's satellites indicates that you will be intelligent, handsome and that Neptune and Uranus are going to collide soon.

March 21 to April 20 (Aries the Billy Goat) - Tomorrow will be a period of great crisis for you. Find someplace to hide and remain there all day. If you survive you are most fortunate. The last time this configuration occurred, half of France was wiped out.

April 21 to May 21 (Taurus the Bullshooter) - Avoid

pitfalls of heedlessness, haste and irritability. Do not shop at Loblaw's to-day as Friday is the Big Green Stamp Festival. Be willing to accept new ideas and look twice before crossing the street, especially at a cross-walk.

May 22 to June 21 (Gemini the U.S. Space Project) - Do not overcrowd your schedule. Be very good and you may be rewarded. Today is your day to have fun.

June 22 to July 23 (Cancer the Tropic of) - While the overall outlook is good, you should still expect trouble, especially if you bring your cookbook to lab. Watch out for a runaway Fletcher Trolley.

July 24 to Aug. 23 (Leo the MGM Lion) - The position of the moon indicates a possible lunar landing by Russia. Sell all of your General Dynamics stocks.

Aug. 24 to Sept. 23 (Virgo the Unexperienced) - Read, ask questions, seek answers, you should not be disappointed if things are pretty bad to-day as tomorrow might be better.

Nov. 1, 1962

If you last the day:

Sept. 24 to Oct. 23 (Libra the Unbalanced) - You will receive a horrible temptation today. Go for it!

Oct. 24 to Nov. 22 (Scorpio the Poisonous Stinger) - If you're still around after yesterday's prediction, consider yourself lucky and go celebrate.

Nov. 23 to Dec. 21 (Sagittarius the Arrowshooter) - Conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn promises to be exciting. The day should be generally good but don't say I told you so.

Dec. 22 to Jan. 20 (Capricorn the Imaginary Line) - If you think this is bad, you should have seen the rough draft.

Jan. 21 to Feb. 19 (Aquarius the Water) - Give a little time to things which you have neglected, like homework. Watch out for falling Meteors, and Chevrolets.

Feb. 20 to March 20 (Pisces the Twin Sardines) - Do everything in correct order. Respect your elders. Buy something at the Engineering Stores.

On a Christmas eve sleigh ride, several years ago, I was shocked to see the driver lean forward in his seat, lift the tail of the horse, and insert two fingers in the exposed orifice. After smearing the result over his mouth and chin, he casually resumed his duty. Horrified, I blurted, "That!...is undoubtedly the most disgusting thing I have ever witnessed! Why on earth did you do it??!!"

"Chapped lips," he said.

"CHAPPED LIPS? Does it really stop chapping?"

"No, but it keeps me from licking them."

Dec. 18, 1959

The following hint was recently given in a Household Economics class on how to tell whether a goldfish is a boy or a girl:

"To the water in the goldfish bowl, add one half ounce of sulphuric acid. If he comes floating to the top he's a boy. If she comes floating to the top she's a girl."

Nov. 11, 1955
Mar. 15, 1962

Artsman: How many beers does it take to make you dizzy?

Artsgirl: About 7 or 8, and don't call me dizzy.

Feb. 5, 1954
Feb. 18, 1959

Perplexed Oriental husband: "Our child is white. Is velly strange?"
Wife: "Is true." Two Wongs don't don't make a white. But Occidents will happen."

Oct. 10, 1958

What is the similarity between a breast and an electric toy train?
They were both meant for little children, but the fathers play with them more.

Oct. 30, 1969

There was a young maid from Madras
Who had a magnificent ass
Not rounded and pink
As you probably think
It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

Jan. 11, 1962

What did the big carrot say to the little carrot while sitting on the shelf in Loretto?
"What are you worried about?
They're gonna eat you."

Oct. 10, 1970

"My daughter," and his voice was stern.
"You must set this matter right.
At what time did that Skuleman leave
Who called on you last night?"
His probs were pressing. Father dear,
And his love for them was great.
He took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight
Then a twinkle came in her bright blue eyes.
And her dimple deeper grew.
"Tis surely no sin to tell him that.
For a quarter of eight is two."

Dec. 9, 1949

Male Form Sheet

Oct. 9, 1959

IF HE'S A FRESHMAN	SOPHOMORE	JUNIOR	SENIOR
He is interested in food, cars, sports, and girls, in that order.	He is interested in food, cars, girls and girls, in that order.	He is interested in food, girls, girls, and girls, in that order.	He is interested in girls, girls, girls, and girls, in that order.
He gets home at 12:30 a.m. and says: "Hey! I'm sleepy!"	He gets home at 2:30 a.m. and says: "Hey, I'm sort of sleepy!"	He gets home at 4:00 a.m. and says: "Gee! It's still early!"	He gets home at 7:00 a.m. and goes out again.
He hates it but he smokes because all the other fellows do.	He doesn't mind it and he smokes because it keeps the flies away.	He likes it and he smokes because he likes it.	He hates it and he smokes because he can't stop.
He wears a beard to make him look wise and mature.	He wears a beard to make him look wise.	He wears a beard to keep his chin warm.	He wears a beard because that way you don't have to shave.
He says: "Milk shake, please!"	He says: "A small glass of wine, please!"	He says: "A large glass of wine, please!"	He says: "The bottle, please!"
He thinks: I'm going to make something of myself!	He thinks: I'm going to become someone!	He thinks: I'm going to be a somebody!	He thinks: What sort of product did I expect from raw material such as this anyhow?
He opens doors for girls, helps them on with their coats, and picks up the things which they drop.	He opens doors for girls, and helps them on with their coats.	He opens doors for girls.	Girls open doors for him.
He reads: 1. Organic Chemistry for Beginners. 2. Electronics Made Easy.	He reads: 1. Intermediate Organic Chemistry. 2. Electronics Made Harder.	He reads: 1. Advanced Organic Chemistry 2. Electronics Made Terrible.	He reads: 1. Mad. 2. Pogo. 3. Almanac.
He shouts: "I live! Ah, wonderful life!"	He shouts: "I am! Ah life!"	He shouts: "I exist! Ah!"	He groans: "I vegetate. Phooey!"

Right now, you're probably asking yourself: "where did the name 'Toike Oike' originate?" As a reader service, as Canada enters her 100th year, and the Toike enters her 70th, we proudly present another in a series of tales of:

HOW THE TOIKE OIKE GOT ITS NAME

Jan. 12, 1967

(This first appeared in the Varsity in 1921, no less!)

In the days when the Faculty of Applied Science had not even been "School" for very long, there came to this abode of meekness and peacefulness a frosh tan even which has happened occasionally since, verdant in his verdure, and rejoicing in the name of Cornelius Murphy

His co-mates, and brothers in exile, finding this name difficult of articulation, with the pretty wit, for which they have always been noted, renamed him "Ike".

In due time he arrived at all the dignity and prestige of a third year man, and the time of Engineering Society Elections was nigh. Our hero was nominated for president, and feeling ran high, but the stock of eloquence was at its usual level.

Now it happened that the official, entrusted with the cleaning operations in the building, was a true son of Erin - red of hair, and rich of brogue, and, not aware of the importance of the proceedings, he burst into the election meeting on a sweeping bent.

"Outside," cried the front row. "Hats," cried the back row, but this greatest volume resolved itself into "SPEECH!"

The noble fellow rose to the table and the situation simultaneously.

"Gints," he said, "it's myself that's not accustomed to the making of a speech, but seeing as you'll be after askin' me, oil'll talk me chance. Says I, -

Choose e' the gint ye'll be lookin' the bust. Vote for that shpaldeen Macpharson if e' will, but if it's moi advice ye'll be askin', - talk e' Oike Murphy."

Cheers resounded through the hall. Supporters of the gently Ike yelled "Toik e' Oike" until they were hoarse, and it became the party cry until after the election. Then everybody thought it was so good that it was incorporated in the School yell, and then adopted as the name of the School newspaper at its inaugural meeting in 1896. Will wonders never cease?

It's Varsity Month

IN THE
HOMESTEAD ROOM
FEATURING..

The Biggest Burger in Town

CHAR BROILED BEEF BURGER
A STEAL ONLY 69¢

BIG BASKET OF GOLDEN
FRENCH FRIES
ONLY 30¢

ALONG WITH A MUG OF YOUR
FAVORITE BEVERAGE 45¢

MON THRU SAT ..11:30am. - 3pm.
STEAK N' BURGER
240 BLOOR AT BEDFORD

BOOKS

CLARK'S PHYSICAL & MATHEMATICAL TABLES by CLARK.

91 pages, Oliver & Boyd 35c
cheap

Anyone who has taken the time to read Clark's Tables from cover to cover is no doubt aware of the greatness of this book.

Perhaps the best example of its literary merit appears on pages 52 and 56, where (if one takes the trouble to graph the specific heat of various substances against the Young's modulus of these same substances), it becomes immediately apparent that the plot is excellent.

Rapid Pace Providing an introduction to the rest of the volume, the first 32 pages may be called "The Book of Numbers." Action and drama occur at a very rapid pace and a mere flip of the page is usually enough to invoke that literary device known as "turning the tables." Of course, no story is complete without foreshadowing, and Clark recognizes this by placing sines in this book. And in an unprecedented display of imagination he has devoted part of page 27 to a horticultural selection on square and cube roots.

But it is in the second half of this volume that the literary merit of this book surpasses anything else known. A mere glance on page 76 at the formula for the Rydberg constant will indicate the degree of symbolism involved. However a deeper analysis, beginning on page 33, will bring to light many more amazing literary feats.

Magnetic Appeal. On page 33 we find formulae for the volume of geometrical forms. This is indicative of the book's great depth. Digressing into the realm of gastronomy, Clark gives formulae for pi, both square and cubic. Any reader who ventures as far as page 35 finds that the book has magnetic

appeal and he is hopelessly trapped as the words flow thick and fast, starting with the definition of viscosity. This too has appeal for the sophisticated reader with lots of poise. Beginning with a discussion of the waltz, we witness the power of this volume, as well as the fact that it concerns itself with current events.

It is by now obvious (or should be at any rate!) that Clark has shown himself to have a tremendous command of literary devices. By discussing various gaseous coefficients of thermal expansion he defends himself from those critics who assert he is full of hot air, indeed, a table of "critical temperatures serves to reverse the argument.

It is also in this section that tension and stresses are built up until, on page 49, we reach a momentous climax: "Whodunit?" the reader demands, and on page 50 comes the answer: Elemental . . . actinium, aluminum . . . zirconium ad nauseum.

Hidden Meanings. Abandoning his policy of using subtlety to veil his drama, Clark discloses to the reader on page 56 that the plot at this point has only "surface tension" with the obvious innuendo that the reader should not search too deeply for hidden meanings. This is Clark's greatest contribution to the field of literature; and if the idea were copied by other great contemporaries of Clark's, it would do much to reduce the chaos that now reigns in English literature classes.

In terminating this review, it is important to point out that Clark ends on a note of harmony in his discussion of musical scales on pages 66 and 67. The book is so down to earth that on page 68 there is a general description of our planet. Yet it is not too light-hearted either for there is an entire dissertation on page 72 concerning the gravity of Man's position on earth (w.r.t. latitude and longitude). And as a final gesture to the interested

Blissfully Obvious

Editor,
Toke Oike.
Dear Sir:

It is increasingly obvious that some of the students in this school are blissfully oblivious of the fact that they are expected to behave as adults while attending university. One has only to attend almost any lecture to see an exhibition of bad manners that would shock even a hardened kindergarten teacher. The majority of students are well-behaved: the following remarks are directed to a small minority who persist in displaying their lack of training in an annoying way.

One of the most irritating practices is that of eating lunches while the lecture is in progress. It is difficult enough for a lecturer to hold the attention of an often indifferent class without having someone in the front row noisily crunching celery, or even worse,

eating soggy salmon sandwiches. (If the noise doesn't bother you, the smell will). There are various places throughout the school where lunches may be eaten in peace and quiet; surely it is not necessary to save them till a lecture is in progress.

Another disturbing practice is that of arriving about five minutes late for each lecture. Anyone may be late for a lecture occasionally due to circumstances beyond his control, but when a group of three or four students (usually the same students each time) arrive late for a lecture, it is indicative of a rather careless indifference towards the lecture and the interested students. The noise and confusion caused by these students trudging up to the back row of the lecture room are disturbing, not only to the lecturer, but to those students who are sincerely interested in deriving

some benefit from the class. It is to be noted with satisfaction that occasionally a professor will ask the offenders to leave the class. Habitual lateness is not tolerated in business or industry - it should not be tolerated in university either.

The sooner that these students learn that the impressions they make are not only bad ones but lasting ones, the sooner they will curb their thoughtless practices. Habits acquired in university will in all probability be continued after the student has graduated and attained the rank of Professional Engineer. Make sure that your present habits and manners are good ones - they will form the basis for a successful career in later life.

Yours truly,
HERB CUNNINGHAM
3rd Civil
(Asst. Ed. 1956-7) Feb. 1956

Godiva Revised

We were, we were, we were, we were.

We were the engineers.

We could, we could, we could, we could.

Demolish forty beers.

Drank rum, drank rum, drank rum, drank rum.

We're on the wagon now.

Cause alcohol ain't half as good as

What comes from the cow.

My father was a spirit and my mother was a fluke
And when they got together, they had a great big hoot.
And so I entered S.P.S. at good old Varsity
And after four hard years of work, just look what's
come of me.

Godiva was a lady much admired by every man,
It wasn't what she did or wore, it was her lovely tan,
But now we've passed the point of youth and lost our
boyish whim.

We'd rather have a lady who is plump and rather prim.

Drink milk, drink milk, drink milk, drink milk.
We're on the wagon now

Cause alcohol ain't half as good as what comes from the
cow.

Temptation rears its ugly head and beckons us along,
And brinks back all those memories of women, wine and
song.
And after all an Engineer can only go so far.
So take me off this wagon now and lead me to a bar.

- Contributed by an anonymous girl from a still more
anonymous frat.

Nov. 26, 1954

A.A. MEETS

**There Will Be A Meeting Of
ARTSMEN ANONYMOUS**

At The

Wycliffe College Powder Room

Feb. 20, 1954

ESOTERIC EROTICA GODIVA MEETS PAUL BUNYON

When her chilling ride was finished
And her horse was bedded down,
Then Godiva took her handbag
And went off to do the town.

For beneath her lovely navel
Blazed a flame of passion wild.
And she had a deeper yearning
For she'd never been with child.

As she sauntered into Tony's
Every eye was on her frame
And each he-man in that bar-room
Kindled with an answering flame.

Raven tresses, long and silky,
Graced her shoulders white and bare
And her figure was an angel's
As she sipped her cool gin there.

At the far end of that same bar
Hunched a figure strange and pale.
Sulky eyed, with soft mouth trembling
As he gulped a ginger ale.

Country boys both rude and clumsy,
Engineers so brave and tall,
Skirted workers from the city,
She had vainly tried them all.

Could this wild and hairy stranger
Quell the flame that in her burned?
She would find out in a moment
Sweet her face toward him turned

And her ebony eyes were flashing
Out a challenge sweet and clear
As she took the stool beside him,
Spoke so he alone could hear.

Sadly then, that lovely angel
Said for all the room to hear -
She announced to all in earshot,
Big Paul Bunyon is a queer..

Jan. 30, 1954

As he started, small eyes darting.
No", he choked, "It cannot be.
Mother's memory must stay sacred,
Look to someone else than me."

Through the swinging doors he blundered,
After downing all his pop.
Till he reached his mama's kitchen
He did never swerve nor stop.

Said the Southern hillbilly wistfully, "I shore wish
had my wife back."
Friend: "Where is she?"
Hillbilly: "I sold her for a jug of mountain dew."
Friend: "I reckon you're beginning to miss her."
Hillbilly: "Nope, I'm thirsty again."

Dec. 23, 1954

We came across a conceited nurse who subtracts ten
beats from an Engineer's pulse to allow for her
personality.

Dec. 10, 1954

"Mummy," demanded the little girl who had just
returned from Sunday school, where the lesson had
been on palaces in the sky. "do they have skyscrapers
in heaven?"
"No, darling, they have to have Engineers to build
skyscrapers."

Jan. 21, 1955



Bank of Montreal

The First Canadian Bank

Let's talk. About you. Your hopes. And how you plan to realize them. You'll find that we can help — as far as the financial side is concerned.

It may be that you're not sure of how much the Bank of Montreal can do for you. So — if you have any questions about money — the best way to save, to pay bills, how to get loans — ask us. We'll answer straight from the shoulder. Because we figure it this way: If we can help you now, while you're a student, you'll stay with us after graduation — when we can help you even more.

Come see us. We want you to fulfill all your hopes and dreams. We want you to get your money's worth.

You and the
Bank of Montreal:
a dialogue.

College and Beverley Sts Branch Mr. Shanks, Manager

The Skule boy advisor

Jan. 30, 1964

I am an engineering student, making about 1000 dollars a year. I used to play around with many girls until I met Zelda. For the past three months Zelda and I have been on very intimate terms. The relationship has been very satisfying. The Problem is that Zelda is paranoic, schizophrenic, and suicide-prone. I cannot force myself to drop Zelda. What am I to do? - R.H.R., Newmarket.

We are very sorry, but we cannot help you because your salary is below the median salary of SKULEBOY's male readers (\$1574.10). Moreover, we find it unbelievable that anyone with the name Zelda could possibly have all the psychological disorders you mention.

I have been trying to kiss this chick for the past seven years. I have money, good looks, and am considered desirable by many girls. I have tried all the methods described in this magazine, but have met with no success. I am becoming insecure and frustrated. What am I to do? - H.S.W., Toronto.

Our motto is: "SKULEBOY: the magazine for the man that tries". You obviously fit in this. So keep trying. And keep on reading our magazine.

As a man "who has everything", I recently acquired an MIG 15 sports aircraft. Whenever I use this plane, I am harassed by the local airforce. I don't want to give up the airship. It has proven an excellent conversation piece, and has brought about many intimate friendships. As a result of these uncomfortable flying conditions, I have been unable to get anywhere with girls at this altitude. What can I do? - K.S.L., Toronto.

In this particular situation we suggest that you get rid of the plane. You could probably donate it to some museum, and acquire prestige through this philanthropic gesture. You could also trade in the aircraft for some safer model. In the later case, we must warn you to watch for the used aircraft rackets existing in this city.

I am an electrical engineering student, and have built an excellent stereo set in my spare time. I have appropriately decorated my apartment, installed wall-to-wall carpeting and a well-stocked bar. All I want is female occupancy. I have made a date with this hot number, and she is coming over to listen to some of my records. I know that she is interested in light classical music. What records should I play to set the pace? - J.S. IV, Sudbury.

Two records, familiar to all Skuleboys, come to our mind: "William Tell" and "1812". You must be very careful, however, because they may produce different effects. If she is a slow starter, we suggest "William Tell". You can start being gently romantic to the pastoral theme. You should maintain composure throughout the storm. But watch out for the spirited themes. If you are even a bit nervous, the familiar "Lone Ranger Theme" may prove too choppy; although it may appeal to the equestrian nature. The "1812", on the other hand, is more uniformly rhythmic. It is thus more suitable for a less inhibited (and more sturdy) girl. But we warn you of those cannon blasts at the end. Also, if the girl is rabidly anti-French, she may misinterpret the repetitious Marseillaise. If both of these records fail, we suggest one of the popular LP's on the market designed specially for the purpose; but be sure that she does not see the record cover.

I have been a constant reader of your magazine, and I fully endorse your philosophy. I have been going out with this girl for several days. Frankly, I have no marriage plans. She will not give in to my advances, unless I commit myself. What should I do if I want to keep on living my free life, and still kiss this girl? - W.K.R., no fixed address.

Lie!

My problem is unlike those that beset many of your other readers. I am a well-to-do student, successful with girls, voted "the man most likely"; in short, one of your typical readers. What bothers me, is that sometimes I have headaches. What can I do? - L.R.X., Toronto.

While there are many drugs on the market, we caution you as to their use. Though we are not allowed to use brand names, we advise you not to resort to narcotics. These are for the emotionally unstable, and not for the well-adjusted readers of our magazine. We can suggest any of the common pain-relievers containing acetylsalicylic acid. However, remember that the relief is only temporary, and be careful not to become addicted to the pills.

I have been a fan of this magazine for the past five years. About a month ago I became emotionally involved with a girl. I confess that I have never before been involved to this extent. As a result, I am a little fearful of the consequences. Please advise. - P.S., Toronto.

You have missed the mark. It is the Skuleboy philosophy that women should be treated either as consumer products or as consumers themselves. In your case, as long as you treat her as a consumer product, you will have no trouble. You will be in a sense paying for your kisses. As far as she is concerned, she should consider herself as the consumer paying you for the gifts she gets from you. As far as emotional involvement is concerned, this is a dirty word. As a result, we have no other advice for you except to drop the girl and shop around.

Knar: Once upon a time, a deformed child was born as a result of artificial insemination. The moral of the story is - Spare the rod and spoil the child.

Sept 18 1969

Miami beach lifeguard to Alice: "I've been watching you for the last three days, Mr. Westbrook, and you'll have to stop urinating in the pool."

Alice! Everybody urinates in the pool

Lifeguard: From the diving board?

Feb 26, 1970

Old deans never die - they just lose their faculties.

Oct. 30, 1969

Oct 30, 1969

GORRIES BRIDGE

NORTH

- K Q A -Z
- K J 2 3 1₂
- A A A 2 5
- 2 3 5 9 10

EAST

- J A 4 1
- RU3 6429
- 69 3 A Q 4
- 36 O M L

SOUTH

- 36 24 36
- 12 A Q 9
- 3 4 8 2
- 7 Q A J M

SOUTH-WEST

- 7 4 2 A
- K J 9 2
-) 4 3
- Q 7 3

THE BIDDING

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	SOUTHWEST
1 club	2 diamonds	1 club	pass
F ₁	schemis	double	1 club
4 hearts	2 NT	F ₁	SHIT
DOUBLE	REDOUBLE	SINGLE	7 SPADES
2 BUCKS	FIFTY	10	SOLD
DOUBLE	PASS	PASS	7 NT

THE OPENING LEAD

Jack off the board

Question: What do you do now?

ANSWER: Holding two Kings South-West covers the lack with a beer-cap. South covered South-West with a Queen East took the Queen off the table and left for the bedroom. Next lead, King of Clubs from West. Queen of Clubs drops! Ace of Clubs must be laid down by North. South trumps low. East out a scream, "Don't touch my trump." Jack of Hearts then holds and South continues with Dummy's Queen. A Heart was returned and when East showed out, Declarer put up the King to dislodge West's Ace. West was rushed to the hospital hemorrhaging. For the final trick South had to work extra hard to draw the Queen of Spades out of East's hand. After getting smashed in the face he played a small Diamond and established the 14th trick

NEXT WEEK'S QUESTION

You Double and your partner takes you out to 5 Diamonds. You hold
A K Q J 10 9 8 7 5 3 of Berries. What do you do now?

Feb 28, 1968

The Toike Oike Promiscuity Checklist

by MeLGB

Jan 29, 1970

The following special survey was conducted by the LGMB during the LGMB Bash held at Hart House. The results were tabulated and the following was compiled...

- does she or doesn't she (from a purely academic standpoint) (only her hair dresser knows for sure).
- you can tell by the way she talks it she's ever done it.
- pigeon-toed and knocked-kneed girls are virgins.
- bowlegged girls are not virgins.
- girls with large breasts do it all the time (They only get big because of manipulation. Girls have to be careful about this sort of thing lest lopsidedness result).
- girls with wide hips do it all the time.
- girls with thick legs are the easiest.
- girls with small breasts (or boys) are the hottest.
- there are two infallible signs of passion - a large nose and protruding eyes. (There is medical corroboration for the eyes theory. A mild hyperthyroid condition does seem to stimulate sexual excitement, but a serious condition makes girls too tired to bother)
- townie girls (if you went to boarding school) do it with everyone, including relatives farm animals and artsmen.
- widows and divorcees like to teach young boys.
- ministers' daughters all go bad.
- nurses are a sure thing (obviously our fellow Medsmen do not enjoy a challenge) (but one has to be careful about nurses tricks. When they are examining male patients, the patient often gets excited so they are taught in nursing school how to de-excite a man with one quick and decisive flick of the finger.)
- the uglier the girl, the more

ROUND RECORDS

46 Bloor St. W. - One Flight High 921-6555



\$3.89

From **wea** MUSIC OF CANADA, LTD.

YES, FRIENDS... SHE DESIRES A METAL, STRONG
BED FOR SKULE'S ENTRY IN THE BED PUSHING
CONTEST... PHONE XAVIER 8-2916 IF YOU HAVE ONE!

Jan. 1964

IRMA WANTS A BED



**UNCLE JOHN
TESTS THE**

U OF T BUS

photos: Rick Dumala

As Cam Shaft, head of the U of T's high-performance and taffy pulling team, led me towards the bus, I could not help but be impressed by the blue dazzle of its sleek hood, its clean lines and its rusted rocker panels. The six 9.00 20's predicted a roadholding hitherto unknown amongst aficionados. "Gee Cam", I said in my casual, humble and half-stunned manner, "She sure is one hell of a machine, and that bus is nice too." (He had brought his wife with him.)

Lowering myself into the cockpit of the huge machine I noticed that there were already passengers aboard (A Trinity field trip to Letro's.) I snuggled into the huge bucket labelled "For Fire Only", and grasped the four foot diameter steering wheel. I switched on the ignition acknowledged the safety option "Ignition On" light, and pressed the starter. When the "Starting Motor Up To Revs" light signalled I cut in the spark plugs. I was rewarded with a hearty crunch and a backfire. Disengaging first gear, and apologizing to the fellow in front I commenced to read the famed tome "Owners Manual" about starting the beast.

Assisted by a fourth year Mechanical still wiping oil off a spectacular failure of the "Otto" engine, I started the engine. Thrilling to the sound of its 361 cubes, the second order vibrations at 3600 rpm (red line), and the whine of the starter motor (couldn't find how to shut it off), I engaged first and lurched forward. The passengers tumbled all over

each other and screamed with delight.

I firmly accelerated out onto the asphalt oval used by the U of T friends of NASCAR and did a quickie ear sort on the gears. Smoking past the library I felt a surge of power. I parked the bus, and went downstairs. Thus relieved, we continued the test. The cantilevered half inch steel plate rear suspension introduced some nasty roll steer, but the unequal length "A"-arm (they couldn't find two the same) front suspension seemed glued to the road. It was I had inadvertently parked in fresh, fast set cement left by some people who worked for B.F.C. Construction.

Applying a short burst of throttle we broke free and began the acceleration trials.

A special technique was developed for these tests. The position of the rear wheel was marked on the pavement with chalk. We then accelerated hard for ten seconds and marked the new position of the rear wheel. The displacement of the bus was measured with a six inch ruler, and the resulting data fed to the 7094. Unfortunately even with the application of statistical correlation theory we could not tell whether the bus had accelerated forward, backward, or not at all. A longer test period only served to further confuse the results of the partial integral with respect to pressure head.

Fully satisfied that the acceleration was indeed negligible, we continued our test. Back on the oval I shifted into fourth, past the bookstore I noticed (in my \$34 West Coast mirror) a

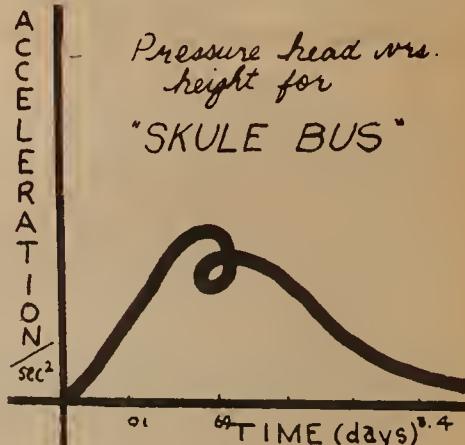
fuzzy-blue car with black ears trailing me. I gained a bit coming round Convocation Hall but thoroughly lost it on the library straight arriving much too fast at the Hart House bend. With me badly out of shape he neatly slipped under my rear quarter-shaft, and demolished the marshalling station commonly known as the parking attendants booth. With the road thus effectively blocked I was forced to halt. "Where's the fire, buddy?" asked one of the police. "In our hearts" screamed my passengers, giggling with glee. Nonplussed by his overbearing manner I gave him the address of the nearest fire station where he might better obtain such information. Obviously unimpressed he borrowed a scrap of yellow paper and wrote a summons.

Back on the old oval again I noticed a distinct tendency to oversteer in the bus as I drove up the steps of Convocation Hall. The drum brakes proved less than adequate as I put the vehicle through the front door (with a flourish). I enquired at the information desk whether parking stickers were still being sold, and handed the attendant the windshield. Unable to prove that there was no bus, train, streetcar, or dogslod service to my home, they refused. It seems that they had an affadavit from a bush pilot who once landed near my house (landed yes, but he still is trying to figure out how to take off on a 12 foot strip).

Over all the bus was impressive. The lack of seat belts was disappointing, but the top speed of 31.4 mph really did not seem to dictate

their inclusion. Happily satisfied with a day's work well done I loaded my

expensive instrumentation (six inch ruler, Timex, and a Swinger) and left.



*Pressure head vs.
height for
"SKULE BUS"*

THE U OF T BUS

FROM A DISTANCE

Price as tested	15c/ride
Engine	V-8, ohv, 5200cc
Curb weight, lbs.	heavy
Top speed, mph	32.2
Acceleration, 0-60, secs.	negligible
Average fuel consumption, mpg.	5
Length, ft.	38
Lb/hp.	0.001
Engine revs/mile	12
Brakes	drum
Total drag at 60 mph	yes

CARTE BLEACHE BLEAGHE

TAKES YOU ANYWHERE

Jan 14 1970

How often have you found yourself with lots of money but no cash? Our man Joe E. Skule shows you how it's done:



1. We stranded Joe deep within the Steam tunnel wasteland with nothing but his Carte Bleaghe



2. A quick trip through the fashion mecca of Hogtown with Carte Bleaghe in hand attires our hero suitably for any occasion



3. With Carte Bleaghe, even those high priced specialty boutiques become accessible as we see Joe E. Skule procuring that oh-so-necessary hard hat and boots.



4. Transportation is never any problem if you produce your Carte Bleaghe on any of the 370 Nursing residences in Greater Ontario. For the Ride of your life, Go Carte Bleaghe.



5. Feast royally at world-renowned dining establishments with your Carte Bleaghe



6. With his Carte Bleaghe, Joe finds no trouble acquiring a night's accomodation



7. This, too!



8. But... as of yet, with the Carte Bleaghe, you still can't go quite anywhere.

*** SPECIAL ***

DUE TO THE CONTROVERSIAL NATURE OF THIS ARTICLE IT HAS BEEN PRINTED IN INVISIBLE "BUDONI INK". TO READ THE ARTICLE SIMPLY SOAK THIS PAGE IN WATER AT 64° FOR 5 MINUTES.

TYPES OF MEN YOU MEET IN WASHROOMS

1. Excitable Type - Pants are twisted. Cannot find hole, rips pants in temper.
 2. Timid Type - Cannot pee if someone is watching. Pretends he has peed and sneaks back later.
 3. Sociable Type - Joins friend in a pee, whether he wants one or not, says it doesn't cost anything.
 4. Noisy Type - Whistles loudly, peers over partition to see other guy's weapon.
 5. Indifferent Type - All urinals occupied, pees in sink.
 6. Clever Type - Pees without holding tool, adjusts tie at the same time.
 7. Frivolous Type - Plays stream up, down, and across, and tries to pee on the floor.
 8. Absent-minded - Opens waistcoat, takes out tie and pees in pants.
 9. Worried Type - Not quite sure what he has been up to lately, but makes close inspection of tool.
 10. Disgruntled - Stands for a while, grunts, farts, tries to pee but fails, farts again and then walks away.
 11. Personality - Tells jokes while peeing, shakes off tool with flourish.
 12. Sneaky Type - Drops silent fart, sniffs, looks around at the next guy.
 13. Learned Type - Reads book while peeing, wets finger with urine to turn page.
 14. Sloppy Type - Pees down pants into shoe, walks out with fly still open.
 15. Childish Type - Looks at bottom of urinal while peeing to see bubbles.
 16. Vain Type - Undoes five buttons when two would do.
 17. Strong Type - Bangs tool on side of urinal to shake off drops.
 18. Precise Type - Pees straight down hole, likes to hear thundering sound.
 19. Talkative Type - Cannot stop conversation with chap he came in with, even if not standing next to him, leans across and pees in next guy's pocket.
- STOLEN FROM THE OBSCURE TOIKE OIKE TOIKE JOIKES! Nov. 29, 1969

EL MOCAMBO

Oct. 22-27

King Biscuit Boy
With
The Late Janis Joplin's
Full-Tilt Boogie Band

Also

Rhythm Rockets

Oct. 29 - Nov. 3

Howlin' Wolf
Also
Brussel Sprout

Nov. 5 - 10

Houndog Taylor
Also
Heartaches Razz Band

Nov. 12 - 17

Downchild Big Blues Band
Also
Christopher Kearney
And
Pemmican

LET'S BANKRUPT THE ENG. SOC.

The editors of Toike Oike have revealed a plan by which they hope to bankrupt the engineering society in 9 easy issues.

Under ideal conditions (i.e. when enough advertising is sold), the revenue from advertising pays the printing and distribution costs while the Eng. Soc. pays for stationary, mailing, make-up party, etc. In the past, the latter costs have been small due to the small number of Toike Staff (out numbered 5 to 1 by non working gatecrashers). This year, however, will be different.

Reasoning that Toike-Oike belongs to all engineering students, the editors plan to involve them all as Toike Staff. This will effectively increase the staff by 3 orders of magnitude and send the costs of the make-up party sky high. Pizza, beer and coke will probably run \$3,000 - \$4,000 an issue and in addition will be the cost of renting some place like the Royal York in which to hold the make-up party.

When asked about the ensuing demise of the Engineering Society, the editors said:

"Why let a little thing like a broke Eng. Soc. stand in the way of Toronto's first free 500 page newspaper."

The editors were somewhat reluctant to describe in detail exactly what progress had been made in this direction but were willing to indicate what jobs are available.

One of the first needs is for a permanent Sports Editor whose job it will be to describe the devastating conquests of Engineering teams in inter faculty contests. While the editor should be in II, III or IV year and familiar with Engineering Athletics, sports reporters in all years and classes will be needed. This is one of the easiest jobs available since it requires 1 paragraph of writing every 3 weeks. The Toike would like some report on every athletic activity indulged in by engineers. Certain of these activities have never been properly

recognized as sports before but the Toike feels that due to their wide attraction and participation, these bodily contact sports deserve recognition.

The Toike is a firm believer in the ancient Engineering proverb that "a picture is worth a thousand words (400 bytes)". Therefore anyone can summarize President Bissell's opening remarks in 200 pictures or more. Hence, we need photographs also. The Toike will pay all film and development costs and for your time at what it is worth (i.e. the same as the Editor-in-chief).

Due to past attempts on the part of the Toike to parallel the financial procedures of the Engineering Society, we now require a

competent Business Staff. Those involved will make many invaluable personal (maybe even intimate) contacts.

For those who want to beat the artsies at their own game we need (as evident by this issue) artists, cartoonists, and graphic illustrators.

In order to maintain the high level of personnel satisfaction we must have young, nubile, and horny typists (female). Competence in typing is an asset but not necessary. If interested, phone our chief typing wonder woman at 444-1061.

Indicate your interest in helping out by leaving a note at the Toike office in the Eng. Stores.

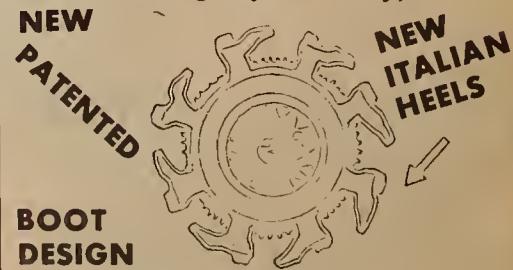
Come out and help bankrupt the Engineering Society!!!

Sept. 18, 1969

COME ONE! COME ALL!

NEW TIRE SALE

Italian Snow Tires
(Straight from Italy)



DAGO THRU SNOW - - -

DAGO THRU WATER - - -

DAGO THRU MUD - - -

DAGO THRU ICE - - -

And . . . When they go flat

DAGO WOP WOP WOP

